Sun, June 7, 3pm

Chamber Music at Con Hall - The Concert!

Order of Program

Sonata in E major, op. 109 (1820) — L. Beethoven (1770-1827)

I. Vivace, ma non troppo
II. Prestissimo
III. Gesangvoll, mit innigster Empfindung

Deirdre Brown, piano

Neue Liebeslieder—Walzer, op. 65 (1875) — J. Brahms (1833-1897)

I. Verzicht, o Herz, auf Rettung
II. Finstere Schatten der Nacht
III. An jeder Hand die Finger
IV. Ihr schwarzen Augen, ihr durft nur winken
V. Wahre, wahre deinen Sohn
VI. Rosen steckt mir an die Mutter
VII. Vom Gebirge Well' auf Well'
VIII. Weiche Gräser im Revier
IX. Nagen am Herzen
X. Ich kose süß mit der und der
XI. Alles, alles in den Wind

XII. Schwarzer Wald, dein Schatten
XIII. Nein, Geliebter, setze dich mir
XIV. Flammenauge, dunkles Haar
XV. Zum Schluß: Nun, ihr Musen, genug!

Roger Admiral and Deirdre Brown, piano
Karen Zwartjes, soprano
Josie Burgess, alto
Joseph Chambrinho, tenor
Kevin Gagnon, bass

Intermission

Quintet in A major (the "Trout" Quintet) F. Schubert
D. 667, op. Post. 114 (1829) (1797-1828)

I. Allegro vivace
II. Andante
III. Scherzo - Trio
IV. Andantino
V. Allegro giusto

Mark Van Manen, violin
Miriam Lewis, viola
Olivia Walsh, cello
Robyn Rutledge, double bass
Deirdre Brown, piano

Translations for
Neue Liebeslieder - Walzer

I.
Renounce, o heart, all hope of rescue,
when you venture on the sea of love!
For a thousand barques drift
an founder on the shore around!

II.
Dark, nocturnal shadows,
waves and whirlpool peril!
Can they who calmly linger
safely on shore
ever understand you?
He alone can do so
who drifts in the stormy desolation
of high seas,
miles away from the shore

III.
On the fingers of either hand
I wore the rings
my brother had given me
in affection;
and one after the other
I gave them to the handsome
but worthless young man.

IV.
With your dark eyes
a mere gaze is needed
palaces will fall
and cities sink.
How in such a skirmish
should my heart,
that frail house of cards,
stay standing?

V.
Guard, good neighbour, guard
your son from harm,
for with my dark eyes
I intend to bewitch him.
Ah, how my eyes blaze
to inflame him!
If his soul is not kindled,
your cottage will catch fire.

VI.
My mother pins roses on me,
because I am so distressed.
She's right to do so: the rose withers,
when stripped of leaves, like me.

VII.
From the mountain, wave on wave,
the torrential rain teems down,
and I would dearly love to give you
one hundred thousand kisses.

VIII.
Soft grasses in the glade,
a quiet and pretty spot!
How blissful it is
to recline here with a lover!

IX.
I feel a poison
gnaw at my heart.
Can a young girl,
without yielding
to tender affection,
bear the thought
of a whole lifetime
devoid of bliss?

X.
I sweetly caress this girl of and that,
grow taciturn and ill,
because always, always my thoughts
return, o Nonna, to you!

XI.
Everything you tell me, flatterer,
is wasted breath!
All your efforts are wasted,
you hypocrite!
Set your snares
for another victim!
For you are a wanton thief,
wooing all and sundry!

XII.
Dark forest, your shadows are so
sombre!
Your suffering, poor heart, so
oppressive!
The one thing you value stands before
you,
but a happy union is forbidden
forever.

XIII.
No, my love, do not sit
so close to me!
Do not gaze so fervently
into my eyes.
However much you heart might burn,
subdue your desire,
that the world might not see
how we love each other.

XIV.
Bold, adorable young man,
with fiery eyes and dark hair -
you are the cause that sorrow
has entered my poor heart.
Can the burning sun turn to ice?
Can day turn into night?
Can an ardent human heart
breathe without passion's glow?
Is the meadow drenched in light
for the flower to grow in the dark?
Is the world so full of pleasure
for the heart to perish in grief?

XV.
Enough, now, ye Muses!
You strive in vain to show
how joy and sorrow alternate in
loving hearts.
You cannot heal the wounds, inflicted
by Love;
but assuagement comes from you
alone.